VOL. 2. OCTOBER, 1899. NO. 12.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY

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LITTLE FOLKS ART PRINTS. FROM PAINTING BY RENOUF.

A HELPING HAND.

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DOLL'S LESSON.—"BUT I KEPT SO STILL."

LITTLE FOLKS

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DOLL'S LESSON.

TODAY as I sat in the garden at play,
I heard an old mother-hen constantly say,
"*Cluck-Cluck! Cluck-Cluck!*" for her chickens to come

The little chicks scattered to left and to right,
Not heeding their mother, who called with her might,
"*Cluck-Cluck! Cluck-Cluck!*" for her chickens to come.

And I thought as I sat 'neath the big apple-tree,
How dreadfully tired the old hen must be,
Calling, "*Cluck-Cluck!*" for her chickens to come.

Just then mother called loud from out the back-door,
But I kept so still—I had done it before—
"*Doll, Doll! Doll, Doll!*" for her daughter to come.

The voice of my mother rang out soft and clear,
But I was so lazy I played not to hear,
Calling, "*Doll, Doll!*" for her daughter to come.

Then I thought with a start, as I turned me about,
How tired my mother must be calling out,
"*Doll, Doll! Doll, Doll!*" for her daughter to come.

I jumped up so quickly, and ran with all speed,
To find from my mother what might be her need;
And down in my heart I said, as I ran,
I'd *never* treat mother in *that* way again!

Maggie Wheeler Ross.

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TODD BROS. AND PUPPY

LEMNADE

3 SENTS A GLASS, 2 FOR FIVE

THIS sign tacked to the front of a small table attracted a good deal of attention one morning on Deane Street in an eastern city.

The table was set close to the street on the lawn of a very neat cottage house; and behind the table, on a couple of chairs brought from the kitchen, sat "Todd Bros."

One of the chairs was a low wooden rocking-chair, and in this sat Thomas Todd, the senior member of the firm. He was a short, stout boy with a freckled nose and big blue eyes. His age was ten years. Every minute or two he would rock violently back and forth in the low wooden rocker, and screech out with ear-splitting power:

"Lem'n-a-a-de! Lem'n-a-a-de! Here's yer ice-cold lem-nade! Only three cents a glass, two glasses for fi' cents!"

Jack, the other half of Todd Bros., was nine. He was as tall as Tommy but thinner and with less lung power. His shrill little voice died away in an unintelligible screech when he tried to cry the lemonade.

"You'd better let me yell it and you sell it," said Tommy when a big and ill-bred boy of about sixteen went by and began to mimic Jack's queer little screech.

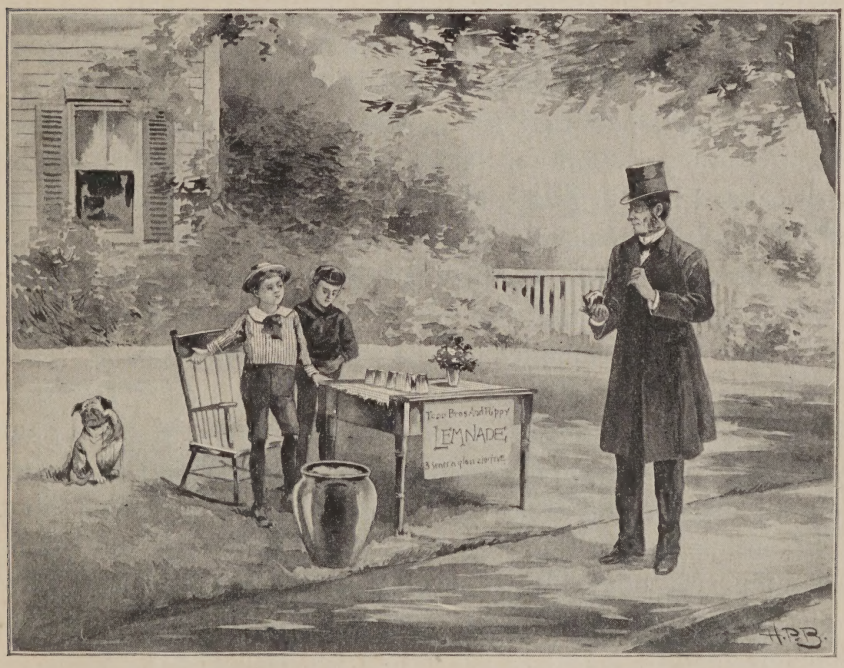
Between Tommy and Jack, on the soft green grass lay Puppy, the junior member of the firm. He was a fat roly-poly pug dog. His name was Dandy and he had been admitted to the firm because Jack and Tommy were so fond of him that they could not enjoy any pleasure unless he shared it.

"Besides every once in a while he jumps up and barks and carries on so when folks are passing that they can't help noticing us and our lem-nade stand," said Jack.

But neither Dandy's barking nor Tommy's yelling brought many customers, notwithstanding Tommy's frequent remarks to passers-by:

"It's good I tell you! It's got ice in it an' lots of sugar and lemon. It's just as good as *anybody's* lem'nade, and it's only *three* cents a glass!"

The little table had a clean white towel on it and six shining glass tumblers. The lemonade was in a large earthern-



TOMMY EXPLAINS IT TO THE MINISTER.

ware jar set on the grass by Jack's side. There was another clean white towel over the jar. A bouquet of flowers was on the table in one of the glass tumblers.

Two old ladies came along at about eleven o'clock and bought two glasses of the lemonade. Then four young ladies came along, and one of them said, "I'm awfully thirsty! Let us buy some lemonade to help these little boys along!"

Then Jack and Tommy's Sunday-school teacher chanced

to come down the street, and she gave them five cents for a glass of lemonade declaring that it was so good she would not take any change.

Their last customer was Norah, their mother's maid-of-all-work, who came out and drank two glasses of lemonade.

"That makes twenty-five cents and the lemonade didn't cost us but ten cents and we've got a lot left," said Tommy.

At that moment they saw Mr. Daymer, their mother's pastor, coming down the street.

Said Tommy, "We must *give* Mr. Daymer a glass. Folks gen'ally give ministers things. It wont be polite for us not to offer him any. Get a glass ready for him."

Now it happened that the junior member of the firm was resting from his labors on Jack's lap, and when Jack jumped up it caused him to give a spring to one side and, dreadful to tell, he plunged headlong into the jar of lemonade!

Imagine, if you can, the feelings of Todd Bros. and Puppy! It was a good thing that the minister was so near at hand that Todd Bros. were compelled to hold their real emotions in check. The junior member of the firm, however, did not feel this restraint, and as Jack drew him from the jar by his hind legs and flung his dripping form several feet he howled dismally and rolled over and over on the grass to dry himself, whining and barking.

The minister, not knowing what had happened, came along and said, "Ah, boys, in business I see. You ought to find it profitable on such a warm day as this. I must have a glass of your lemonade."

He took out his purse as he spoke. Jack looked at Tommy and they both looked at Dandy. Then they looked at the jar in which the towel was still soaking in the lemonade.

Finally Tommy said, "I—I—don't think you'd better, sir."

"Why not?"

"Well—it—it isn't very good *now*."

"Oh, has it got warm?"

"Yes—that is, I'm sure it's warmer than it was."

"Isn't there ice in it?" said the minister peering over into the jar. "Why," he added, "what is that towel doing in it?"

"It—it—went in with—with the puppy, sir."

"The puppy?"

"Yes, sir; he fell in it just now—but we haven't sold any since."

Mr. Daymer looked at the dripping dog and the corners of his mouth twitched.

"I guess I'm not as thirsty as I was," he said, "and perhaps you're right in saying I'd better not take any lemonade today."

"What we going to do with it now?" asked Jack, when the minister had gone on his way. "Couldn't we sell it cheaper, may be?"

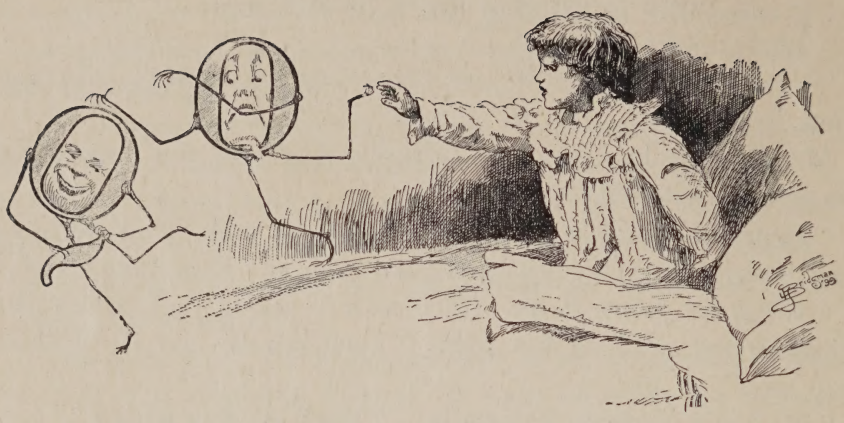
"No," said Tommy decidedly. "We'll do this with it."

He overturned the jar with his foot as he spoke.

"We'll go out of bizness for today," he said, "and next time we go into it we'll leave Mr. Puppy out of the firm."

J. L. Harbour.

"TAKE IT NOW, LIKE A BRAVE LITTLE DEAR."



"OH DON'T," I CRIED, "GOOD MR. O!"

O. & Q.

OUR teacher taught us A and E
And I and O and U;
She put a twist beneath the O
And then it was a Q.

She made twelve letters in a line
And we were bade to tell
Which ones were O's and which were Q's,
Until we knew them well.

That night I dreamed that O and Q
Were dancing on my bed;
They leaped about on tiny legs,
The letter was the head.

They chased each other back and forth
And, in the midst of play,
O pulled the twist from under Q
And with it ran away.

"Oh don't," I cried, "good Mr. O!
Pray don't, for if you do,

How can I tell that O is O,
Or know that Q is Q?"

Q tried to grasp the stolen twist;
O jumped down on the floor;
Q followed close upon his track;
O scurried through the door.

"You shall not play such tricks!" I cried;
"Bad O! come back, I say!
I'll tell my teacher if you dare
To take Q's twist away!"

I sprang to catch the wicked O,
To seize him, ere he fled;
When, all at once, I was awake
And sitting up in bed!

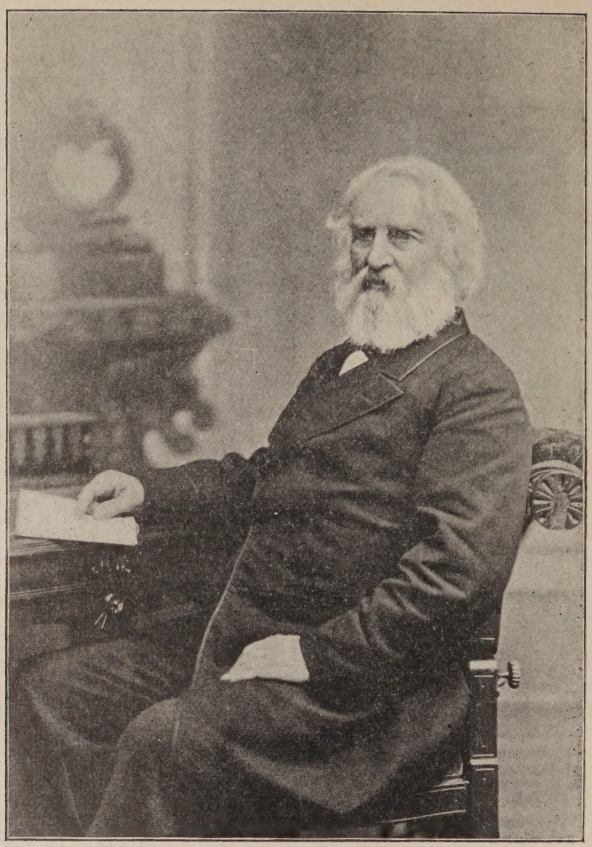
Hannah R. Hudson.

A LITTLE RASCAL.

I ASKED a little boy, today,
Who scuffed along with rustling feet,
If he was sorry when Jack Frost
Piled up the dead leaves in the street;
With wondering eyes he looked at me
And answered promptly, "No, sir-ee!"

"Why not?" I asked. The rascal laughed.
"I have such loads of fun!" he cried;
"I pile the dead leaves over me
And tuck my legs in tight and hide,
Till someone passes by, like you,
And then I jump and holler—'*Boo*!'"

James Buckham.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A CHILD'S VISIT TO MR. LONGFELLOW.

I MUST have been a very little girl. I wish I had been bigger, for then I should have remembered more about it. One day, as I was playing about in the green garden, the Fairy Uncle came along in a carriage and said, "Come with me, little one, and I will take you to make a visit."

Now when the Fairy Uncle came along, we always expected something wonderful to happen. Most often, perhaps, it was packets. Sometimes these packets held books, sometimes bonbons, sometimes gold bracelets or rings with strange stones in them; there was no telling what would come out of the Fairy Uncle's packets. Sometimes he brought nothing but songs and stories, but these pleased us quite as much as the bracelets

and bonbons, for they were the most beautiful songs, and the most amazing stories!

So, now, you will be sure that it was a very great thing to be taken to make a visit with the Fairy Uncle.

We drove a long, long way. Snow was on the ground, and the bells jingled, and the horses went fast. Our own horses liked to go slowly, because they found it more comfortable; so it was a fine thing to be whirled along over the snow as if we were flying.

At last we came to a great house, a yellow house with tall white columns in front of it. You have all seen pictures of the house, I dare say, for it is a famous house.

The Fairy Uncle lifted me out of the furry nest in which I had been curled up, and we went into the house. The room into which we went was large, and full of books, and a bright fire was burning on the hearth. In a great carved chair sat a gentleman with beautiful snow-white hair and beard. He welcomed the Fairy Uncle, calling him "Sam," and the Fairy Uncle called him "Longe," and they were so glad to see each other that it is a pleasure to think of. He shook hands with me, too, most kindly, and I suppose he said something to me but I cannot remember what it was. Now, isn't that a pity? Just mind, children, and when you are taken to see famous people, have your wits about you, and remember what they say. I did not have my wits about me—I had left them in a story-book at home, most likely—and see now how sorry I am!

Well. Mr. Longfellow sat down in his own carved chair, and we sat down too; and the fire burned and crackled on the hearth, and the two gentlemen talked. I can see them now as I write, the poet's noble face full of gentleness and kindness, with a smile as sweet as flowers; and the Fairy Uncle twinkling all over as he talked, so that you felt as if he were dressed in gold, and making jokes and telling stories, and making Mr. Longfellow laugh a great deal.

If I had not left my wits at home, it has often seemed to me as if I might have seen a great many things on that visit, children. As the beloved poet sat there in his chair, I might have

seen—for I was a dreamy child—many figures floating about his chair, bending over him to whisper in his ear. I wonder if you do not know some of them. There would have been the Skipper's Daughter, the dear little girl who was lost in the Wreck of the Hesperus. Do you remember?

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheek like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May."

I learned the whole ballad by heart when I was a tiny child.

Then, there might have been a boy, a very dark-skinned boy, with bright dark eyes and long black hair. He would have carried a bow and arrows, and there might have been a squirrel perched on his shoulder, and a deer or a rabbit running by his side; for these were Hiawatha's brothers, you know, and he used to play with them and call them by their names. Don't you know about Hiawatha? Ask Mama to read you about him, and to sing the cradle-song that old Nokomis used to sing to him.

Then, there might have been the Children of the Lord's Supper, dear children all, with little round caps tied under their chins, and quaint old-fashioned dresses, and curls clustering round their faces; at least, that is the way they look in the Longfellow Book that I had when I was a little girl; and they would be all crowded together, looking over a great old song-book, singing hymns together in clear, childish voices.

Over their shoulders the lovely Evangeline might have been leaning, to sing with them from the book—Evangeline with her soft, dark eyes, and her white Norman cap, and long gold earrings; and so on. They might have come by the score, those sweet and gracious children of the poet's mind.

When the visit was over, and the Fairy Uncle tucked me up in the sleigh once more, and we went skimming over the snow with jingling bells, I brought away not a single spoken word that was to linger in my mind, but the memory of a gentle and gracious presence, a golden smile, a figure so noble and so lovely that I have carried it with me, and shall still carry it, all my life.

Laura E. Richards.

THE LITTLE GOLFERS.—"TWO IN ONE YOU CAN'T!"

JACKY FROST.

HO for Jacky Frost!
Ha for Jacky Frost!
I wonder what he's up to now!
Will he paint the grasses white
In the middle of the night?
Will he nip the apple left upon the bough?

Will he cover up the stream?
Will he make the window gleam
Like a dainty picture-book of fairy lore?
Will he turn the rain to snow?
Yes, I think he will; for, oh,
The rogue has done it every year before!

Elizabeth Hill.

THE QUARRELSOME KATYDID.

"SHE—DID!"

I DON'T know whether he began it, but he certainly kept the quarrel going. He was in the elm tree, and the others were in some birches, a little way off. He would say in a slow kind of drawl:

"She—did."

Then those in the birch trees would answer:

"She didn't!" "She didn't!" "Katy didn't!" "Katy didn't!"

When they paused, the one in the elm tree would say quietly, and as if he were sure he was right:

"She—did."

Then the chorus would start up and answer back, all together, that Katy didn't!

He had such a lazy way of saying it. It seemed to be too much trouble for him to speak her name. He would just say enough to set the others to contradicting him:

"She—did."

I think he leaned back in the elm tree every time and enjoyed the uproar he caused.

It was a night in September, and although it was quite warm for the season the Katydids did not talk all the time, without a pause, as they do in summer, or as fast. Perhaps the one in the elm tree felt the cold more than the others and that made him feel quarrelsome, but it seemed to me that he really enjoyed making the other Katydids excited and angry.

They kept up the dispute until I fell asleep.

Late in the night—or early in the morning—I was awakened

by a loud crash of thunder. The rain was pouring down on the roof, making a great deal of noise. Then there came a flash of lightning and more thunder.

When the storm had passed, it was very quiet for awhile; then, above the sound of water dripping off the eaves, came that lazy provoking voice from the elm tree:

"She—did."

"SHE DIDN'T! KATY DIDN'T?"

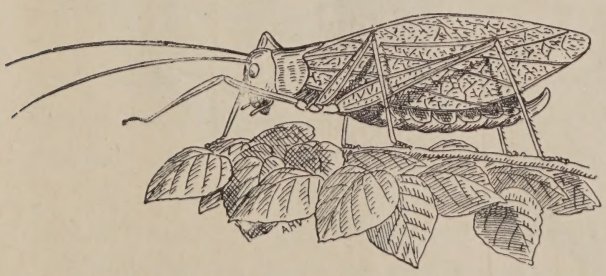
He said it in such a drawling, positive way that it was no wonder that the others were angry at once, and answered back:

"She didn't!" "She didn't!" "Katy didn't!"

"She—did," said the lazy one, and they kept on until it was nearly time for the sun to rise. If there was ever a pause of any length the Katydid in the elm tree started the quarrel afresh.

The next night there was danger of a frost, and the flowers out of doors had to be covered up to keep them from freezing.

After dark I went to the door to see if I could hear the Katydids. The moon and stars were shining brightly, and everything was very still. I listened but heard only the faint chirping of a cricket. Not a sound from the Katydids. They were too cold to talk. Even the little cricket grew discouraged before morning and kept still as a mouse. And I never heard the Katydids again until the next season, when they talked about Katy among themselves as usual. The provoking fellow of the elm tree was not among them.



"SHE DIDN'T! SHE DIDN'T!"

Susan Brown Robbins.

A BORROWED BICYCLE.

"Ha-ha, ha-ha!" the rabbits laugh,
To see the bear's new play;
It is the funniest sight by half
They've seen since circus-day!

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER VI.—At the Crystal Palace.

THE bright fall days came. The children watched and tended their squashes more eagerly than ever. They still kept on growing. Judith had six squashes on her plant. One of these, the biggest one any of the four children had, had insisted on growing outside the fence, on Government land, right on the steep slope that ended at the battery, and Captain Britton had been obliged to anchor it.

Tom had eleven squashes on his plant, Nancy eight, Fred seven. Mary Ellen Holmes had only one squash on her plant, but this one was a perfect monster of a squash—such a squash had never been dreamed of by any one who saw it! It had lived through great tribulations. The plant that Mr. Holmes had kept for himself had died, and it was a wonder that Mary Ellen's had lived; for one day little Bob Holmes had picked up a hatchet and thought that he would like to cut with it. First he tried it on the doorsill. Then he tried the fence. And then he thought he would see if it would cut the squash-vine.

It did, and so easily, that he cut the stem of his father's vine all up into bits, chop, chop, chop, way up to the root. On the way to the root, he chopped into all the squashes.

And then he turned to Mary Ellen's vine, and he brought the hatchet down, whack! into Mary Ellen's big squash! Just at that moment, Mary Ellen happened to look out of the window, and before Bob could take more than one more good whack, Mary Ellen was out there and had got the hatchet out of his hands. But there were two deep cuts in the squash.

"Oh, Bob!" cried Mary Ellen. "You've spoiled my squash, and it was the biggest of all, and now I shan't get the prize!"

Then she sat down on the doorstep and cried hard with her apron over her head—for Mary Ellen always put her apron over her head to cry. Bob was so frightened he ran away and hid.

The next morning when Captain Britton stopped to see the squash he felt very sorry indeed. "It may heal up," he said, "but I am very much afraid that instead it may begin to rot."

The other children had long before given up any idea of the *first* prize for any of their squashes, and all were watching Mary Ellen's. "It's just *too* bad," said Judith that night at supper. "Mary Ellen was *sure* of the prize."

"Oh," said Tom, "if Mary Ellen don't get the prize it will be the dreadfullest thing that ever happened! She *must* get the prize—we've just been wanting that prize for her, all summer!"

Much to the amazement of all, the hatchet-marks grew up, and left only scars on the rind. "Just like that cut in my forehead where I fell on the fender," said Judy. "I didn't suppose squashes healed up, like people."

Just before a heavy frost, the squashes were pulled, and brought up on the side-piazza to be sorted for the Fair.

Old Sandy took the children's donkey cart, and with a load of straw in the bottom to make a soft bed for the precious big squash, he drove down to Mary Ellen's. When he came back, Mary Ellen was perched on the seat behind him, and Mr. Holmes sat in back, his legs hanging outside, to keep the squash steady.

The children watched while the big squash was lifted out and put down beside the others. Then they walked around it and admired it.

"I think, Holmes," said Captain Britton, "that if Mary Ellen has no objection, it would be a good plan to cut a hole and take out the seeds, for if the squash *should* take a prize, she could sell them for a good price."

"But wouldn't it spoil the squash, father?" asked Judy.

"Now Judy, dear, do you suppose I would do anything to *spoil* Mary Ellen's squash?" Of course Judy knew he wouldn't.

Mary Ellen was willing if her father and Captain Britton were; and so Captain Britton, with a long slender saw, cut a piece about six inches square out of the squash.

"It's a very thick and meaty squash," he said, as the saw cut deeper and deeper. When he had sawed all around the square, he took out the saw; and then it was a delicate job indeed to loosen the piece and pull it out without breaking it. But, at

last, with the aid of his pocket knife, the bit began to come forward, and soon it came out, whole and sound. It was a rich deep reddish-yellow.

"Never did I see the like of it," said old Sandy, the gardener.

"Now Mary Ellen," said Captain Britton, "put in your hand and scoop out the seeds."

Mary Ellen pulled out several handfuls of the long white seeds enclosed in a honeycomb of pulp. Then Captain Britton put the piece back, and the children said they could hardly see the mark at all!

The seeds were spread out in great dishes, and left to dry. When they went up to town, for the winter, a few days later, the seeds were put up in a box, and Captain Britton took them in his own charge. The squashes themselves were packed in a crate, for Sandy to bring when the Fair opened.

The Fair was about two weeks after they went home. On the morning of the day when the prizes were to be placarded, Mary Ellen came up with her father on the early boat; and she came to Captain Britton's house, that they might all go to the Fair together. Captain Britton and Mrs. Britton and Mary and Mrs. Holmes all went, in company with the children. They walked as far as Gramercy Park to stop for Fred and Nancy.

Then they all walked out to Fifth Avenue, and there they took a stage that went up to the Crystal Palace, to the Fair.

The other children had often been to the Crystal Palace, but Mary Ellen never had. To her it was very wonderful. She wanted to stop and look at everything she passed, so that it was hard work to "tow" her along. She especially wanted to watch the man who opened and shut up beds into washstands and bookcases and sofas.

But at last they got to the exhibits of farm produce.

The children saw at once that there were several big tables loaded with squashes and other vegetables. Judith's heart sank when she saw so many. "Oh, I didn't suppose so many people had gardens," she said.

Then they came to a table where there were only squashes. Judith saw it first.

She cried out, "Oh, Mary Ellen! just look! There is your squash, and your name!"

In great excitement she ran around the table. All the children followed. There it surely was, a squash larger than the rest. And tacked on it was a big wide blue ribbon with a big red seal; and on the ribbon was printed in big letters:

"FIRST PRIZE.
MARY ELLEN HOLMES. CLIFTON, STATEN ISLAND."

How happy they were! *so* happy, that it couldn't add *very* much to their happiness to find another placard against some other squashes with their own names on it, saying "Second Prize." These were red ribbons, with seals like Mary Ellen's.

"What will they give us besides ribbons, father?" asked Judy.

"Why nothing," he said; "that is, Second Prize only gets a ribbon and glory. Mary Ellen gets some money—five dollars."

"*Five dollars!*" they all exclaimed. And Judith said, "Oh, Mary Ellen! isn't that just too splendid for anything!"

Mary Ellen's eyes were filled with tears. She stood with her hand in her father's. Five dollars all her own! It would buy so many things! and she was just thinking *what* things, when a voice near said, "Glad to find you here, Captain Britton, for I want to know the history of these squashes."

So Captain Britton told him and then said, "And here is the little girl that took the First Prize, and these youngsters took the Second Prize."

The gentleman looked at them, and smiled, then lifted his hat.

"Well, my young farmers," said he, "what did you do to make them grow so?"

No one answered at first. Then Judith said, "Mary Ellen put lots of dishwater on hers—real soapy dishwater. We did too, but she put the most on."

"Dishwater, hey?" said the gentleman. "That's an idea, now."

"This little girl's father has ideas that would interest you," said Captain Britton. "Step this way, Mr. Holmes."

And then Captain Britton introduced poor Mr. Holmes to the man who was to prove his life-long friend. It was Mr. Holmes

AND THEN BOB TURNED TO MARY ELLEN'S VINE.

who drew the Grand Prize that day. For before the month was over, the best situation a farmer could ask for was offered to him by the gentleman he met at the squash-table.

Judy and Nancy and Tom and Fred were sorry to have Mary Ellen go away from the Island. But Mary Ellen's father was to have a nice farmhouse to live in, and Mary Ellen herself had been promised by Mr. Ackerman a little garden all her own, and he said he would buy all her flowers and vegetables.

(I will tell you here that Mary Ellen became a very successful little gardener, and that when she grew up she was an even more successful big gardener. She established a greenhouse and raised the most beautiful flowers, and enjoyed it, and earned her living and a great deal more.)

Mary Ellen spent her five dollars prize-money as soon as she got it; and only when it was all gone did her mother discover that she had spent just twelve cents for herself—two cents for a stick of "candy licorice," and ten cents for an account-book. The ribbon and the seal she framed, and hung on the parlor wall.

Judith and the others pinned up their red ribbons, and kept them a great many years as a reminder of the big squashes. The seeds all sold like hot cakes, and Mrs. Holmes had the money, and it was enough to buy her a new dress.

There were other happy, happy summers on the Island, but they came to an end many long years ago.

Tom did what he always said he should do. He died at the head of his regiment, cheering his soldiers on to victory, on a Virginia battle-field, when he was just eighteen years old—and he was buried where he fell. So it is not always the ones who are afraid of toads that are not truly brave in later years.

Fred and Nancy and Judith have boys and girls of their own who, when they were little children, liked to be told the stories of the dear days on the Island; and because they liked the story so very much of the digging for Captain Kidd's treasure, it has been written down for *you*.

Katherine B. Foot.

(THE END.)

LITTLE MARAH CHAPMAN.

(*A Little Boy's Bed-time Story.*)

THESE are true stories of what happened to a little Quaker girl and her little twin brothers more than two hundred years ago in Pennsylvania. The little girl's name was Marah Chapman and her father had come over to America to live in peace. He went into a portion of Pennsylvania now called Bucks County, and began to build a house. While he was building the log cabin he and his family lived in a cave. And Marah's twin brothers were born in the cave.

The Chapmans, as I said, were Quakers. Once when a Quaker Meeting was held some miles away, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman wanted to go to it. The children were too small to go. Their mother left them at home in the woods. Who do you suppose took care of them? I do not think you could guess.

The Indians!

When the Quakeress, Mrs. Chapman, came home from Meeting there was an Indian rocking the cradle, and the children safe and sound!

One day, towards evening, a few years after, the little twin boys were sent out to call the cows home. They met an Indian in the forest. He told them to hurry home or they would get lost. The little boys had not noticed how far from home they were, and they turned and went back as fast as they could. It was pitch-dark when they got home. Late that night the Indian knocked at the door to ask their father if the little boys had come home. He was afraid they might have been lost going through the dark woods so late.

When Mr. and Mrs. Chapman went to Philadelphia for the Yearly Meeting, they had to leave their family of young children at home. In an old history it is said friendly Indians came to the house every day to see how the little ones were getting along while father and mother were away.

In the Pennsylvania woods there were no carriage roads, and no carriages. The men rode on horseback, so did the women and children.

One day Marah Chapman was riding alone in the woods, and she saw a buck—or, as you would say, a deer—caught by his horns in some thick bushes. He had been chased by a wolf and had ran so far and so fast that he had caught his horns too firmly in the branches to get loose in a hurry. He was trying to get loose when the little Quaker girl rode up. She stepped down from her horse, and with a halter fastened the deer's horns to a tree so he could not pull loose. Then she galloped home to call her father. They took the deer prisoner, and when he died Marah had his antlers or horns.

Those same horns, more than two centuries old, are now hanging up in the bed-room of a little boy. His great-grandmother was a Chapman, and the horns have never been out of the family since Marah captured the deer in the thicket.

Jean Fraley Hallowell.

PAT-A-CAKE.

O BABY dear, will you tell me how
To mix the cake you are making now?
Is it made of flour and lots of spice
And sugar and everything that's nice?

And what are those little words you say
As you sit and pat and pat away?
And Baby dear looked straight at me;
By her speaking eyes I well could see

That this was what she would *like* to say:
"Listen, I'll tell you the very way!
You catch a little breeze from the sky,
A touch of the wing of a butterfly,

"And the scent of a clover growing nigh,
A bit of a white cloud floating high,
And flavor with poppies from By-low-By,
And throw in a little kiss on the sly,

"And last—all babies will know just why—
You catch a look from some watching eye;
Mix all of these well, then quickly bring
Your hands together, and softly sing:

"YOU CATCH A LITTLE BREEZE FROM THE SKY."

"'*Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Baker-man!*
Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, fast as you can!
Roll it and roll it,
And prick it and prick it,
And mark it with B,
And toss in the oven for Mama and me!'

"And there is my little patty-cake done
And ready to bake in the nice warm sun—
But, O *what* will the other babies say
When they find I've told my Mama the way!"

Lilla Thomas Elder.

THE THREE STOLE ALONG TOGETHER.

THE THREE LION-HUNTERS.

THERE was once a lion-hunter named Tartarin, who had three little sons, named Victor, Aristides, and Arthur, but who were called Toto, Titi, and Tutu. All their lives they had heard their father tell wonderful stories about his lion-hunts at the time when he cleared Atlas of all its beasts.

One day, Toto, the eldest, said to his father, "Titi, Tutu and myself are going to hunt lions some day!"

"I cannot allow it, Toto," said his father, gravely.

Not long afterwards, however, he gave Toto a wooden gun, a tin hunting knife to Titi, and a trumpet to Tutu. The boys were delighted and began to plan for a lion-hunt. At dinner the next day, Toto asked, "Papa, is the hunting season over?"

"No; why do you ask?"

"Oh!—nothing! I only wished to know!" and Toto scowled at his brothers who were looking very knowingly at him.

An hour later, Toto, Titi and Tutu stole from the house, together, each armed with his weapon. They walked along for a long time. Suddenly, Tutu raised his trumpet and sounded.

"Yes, I, too, see something!" Titi said in a scared tone.

"Do not either of you make the least noise!" commanded Toto.

They silently threw themselves flat on the ground, and crept

carefully toward the object which all three had discovered. It was in the middle of a field, and looked like a large wire network.

"Now, attention!" Toto whispered. "Titi, have your knife ready—my gun may miss fire."

They crawled stealthily up to the wire netting, then at a word from Toto, jumped up suddenly. They saw three animals nibbling away at some leaves. Toto at once took aim and fired. The three little rabbits—for they were rabbits—raised their heads in astonishment, and, waving their ears, looked curiously at the three huntsmen. They appeared so dignified and calm, that Toto, turning quickly around, ran off at full speed, crying "I am lost!"

"Every one for himself!" shouted Titi, as he took to his heels. Tutu, in a panic of fear, kept up with his brothers.

"EVERYONE FOR HIMSELF!" SHOUTED TITI.

They never stopped until they reached the path that led to their father's castle.

"What kind of beasts were those?" Tutu breathlessly asked.

"Did not you see their horns?" Toto replied. "Did you not see them wave their three horns? They are little lions which Papa is raising for us when we shall be old enough to hunt."

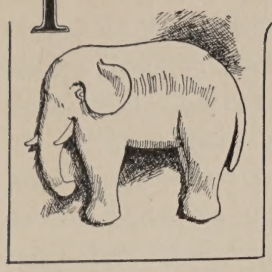
"Lions!" gasped Titi. "What a narrow escape we have had!"

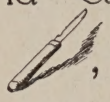
Adapted from the French of Jean Castine by Mrs. Carlton A. Kingsbury.

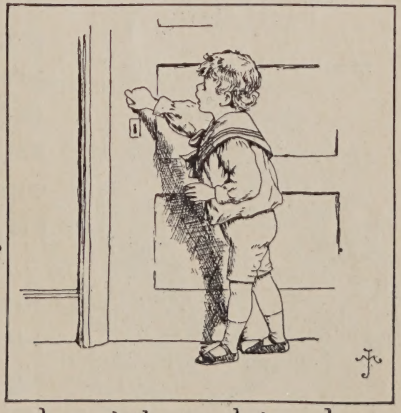
WHERE WAS THE LITTLE WHITE DOG?

XII

At last the time came for Freddy to go away from Grandpapa's. He had had a beautiful visit. He was fat as a little , so Grandmama said, and his cheeks were like two red . The loss of his little was the only thing that troubled him. Grandpapa had put a notice in the , and every day they hoped for some news, but none came. When Freddy packed his to go home, there were many things to put in it that were not there when he came. Pretty little from the beach, and a cunning , and two from the splendid tail of the peacock.



Then Biddy made him a gingerbread and Grandmama gave him a , and Grandpapa gave him a  , and Tom, the hired man, carved him a beautiful little . "And now Hannah has something for you", said Grandpapa. "What would you rather have than anything?" "My little white ," said Freddy. "But he is lost. I can't have him." Then Grandpapa smiled, and Grandmama smiled. "Listen!" said Hannah. "Is that a ?" And Freddy listened. And there was a scratching at the , and when Freddy opened it, there, barking, wriggling, and almost turning himself inside out for joy – there was the little white dog!



IN THE HOLLYHOCK PLAYHOUSE.

(*The Roggie and Reggie Stories.*)

THEY BEG TO GO.

HERE IS THE PLAYHOUSE.

THE GOOSE COMES TO CALL.

AND one morning Roggie said: "Oh, Arabella, dear Arabella, may we go down to your hollyhock playhouse and play with you?"

And Reggie said, "Oh, Araminta, dear Araminta, may we go down to your hollyhock playhouse and play with you?"

And Arabella said, "Yes, you may come, little Roggie—you may come down to our hollyhock playhouse and play."

And Araminta said, "Yes, you may come, little Reggie—you may come down to our hollyhock playhouse and play."

And they all went down the path, the zig-zag path to the hollyhock play-house, to play.

Arabella's and Araminta's father had planted the hollyhock seeds in squares—large squares—all over the ground in squares. And the seeds grew and grew, and out of the wonderful ground the hollyhocks came, and the leaves and the blossoms came—and there was the hollyhock playhouse!

And right near the hollyhock play-house a dear little brook went singing over the pebbles and stones. And a big white goose came out of the brook and up to the door of the hollyhock play-house, and she said, "Quack!

quack!" which meant, "Why, how do you do, and how are you?"

And Arabella said, "We are very well, dear Mrs. Goose, and we are glad you came to see us." And oh, how Roggie laughed, and oh, how Reggie laughed.

And the goose did not like to hear them laugh (she thought they were laughing at her), so she turned on her funny web-feet, and waddled away to the brook.

THE GOOSE GOES AWAY.

And then a meadow-lark came and lit on the top, tip-top, of a hollyhock stem, and she sang a song—oh, a beautiful song

And Araminta said, "Thank you, dear Mrs. Lark, for calling today and singing that lovely song."

And oh, how Roggie laughed, and oh, how Reggie laughed. They were so excited and pleased.

And the lark did not like to hear them laugh. And she quirked up her tail and spread out her wings, and away she flew to the woods.

THE LARK SINGS TO THEM.

And then who do you think came to the hollyhock playhouse to call?

All at once, through the hollyhock flowers, a dear little face came peeping, and a dear little voice said, "Booboo! booboo! I knew, I knew you were all down in the hollyhock playhouse!"

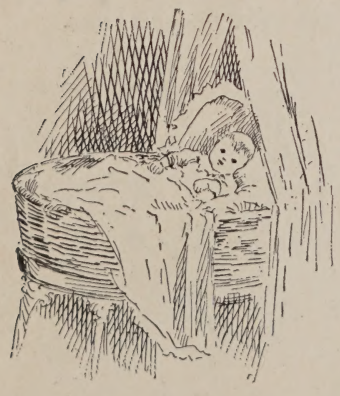
"BOOBOO! BOOBOO!"

And there was dear little Robbie in his little white sailor suit!

And Roggie said, "Oh, oh, little

"OH, WHAT, LITTLE BOOBOO?"

"OH, OH, OH, ROBBIE!"



THEY SAW THE BABY SISTER.

Booboo, how do you do! Did you come to stay all day, and play in the hollyhock playhouse?"

And Reggie said, "Did you come to stay all day and play?"

And Robbie said, "Oh, no, no, I didn't come over to play—I only came over to tell you—oh, what do you think I come over to tell you?"

And Roggie and Reggie both said, "Oh, what, little Booboo? What did you come over to tell us?"

And the little Booboo smiled and nodded his head and said, "There's a dear little baby at my house, a little baby sister!" And Arabella and Araminta clapped their hands and said, "Oh, oh, oh, Robbie! a truly baby?"

And Roggie and Reggie clapped their hands and said, "Oh, a baby, a truly baby?"

And Robbie said, "Yes, a truly baby. She has little blue eyes, and she knows how to think!"

And Arabella said, "Oh, may we come over and see your dear little sister, Robbie?"

And Araminta said, "Oh, may we come over, Robbie?"

And Robbie said, "Yes, you may all come over and see her. Oh, she's so little, so little—she isn't as big as a minute!"

And they all went over to Robbie's house, and there in her little bassinet they saw the baby sister!

Gertrude Smith.

A PRIZE.

LITTLE FOLKS is anxious to become acquainted with all the little people who know how to talk English. Every reader knows some little friends who do not have LITTLE FOLKS—little friends who would like it and ought to have it. If you will carefully make out a list of the names of mothers with children between the ages of three and seven, giving the street and number where they live, when necessary, and also the name and age of the child, the publisher will send a sample copy of LITTLE FOLKS to them, sometime before Christmas.

A careful record will be kept, and a prize of Five Dollars ($5.00) will be given to the one who sends the list from which the largest number of subscribers is received before Jan. 15th, 1900. A second and a third prize, of three dollars ($3.00) and two dollars ($2.00) respectively, will be given for the lists yielding the second and third largest number of subscribers.

In sending names please send only the names of mothers who can afford to take the magazine, otherwise you are not so likely to win the prize. Write at the top of your list *Names for Prize, from*, and then give your own full post office address. If you think of some names after you have sent your list, you may send them and mark them *second list.*

Lists should be sent as soon as convenient.

The engraving given on the second page of the cover of this number is a sample of the *hundred* that will be given for two new subscribers. On the third page of cover will be found a number of the subjects greatly reduced in size. Think of receiving one hundred of these Art Prints for perhaps half an hour spent in showing LITTLE FOLKS. Every one in the collection is worth framing. They will be ready by the time you receive this number. Who will be the first subscriber to send for this great premium?

Subscribers to LITTLE FOLKS will assist and please the publisher by writing to the advertisers represented in its pages. Only reliable advertisements are accepted and it is safe to deal with any of them.

HANNIBAL, MO.

Dear Little Folks:—I am six years old and cannot write very well so I'm going to have my Mamma write for me. My sister takes you and she is writing you a letter. I have a little wagon, a wheel-barrow and a big street-car that goes when you wind it up. I have a big cat named "Dewey." I like to make out the story about the "Little White Dog" and I hope the story will never stop. When I get big I'm going to ride a bicycle.

H. Carrotte Appler.

ROSCOE, S. D.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl six years old. I have a little sister two years old, her name is Bernice. I like you very much and will take you for the rest of this year. The stories I like best are "Roggie and Reggie," and "The Little White Dog." I like very much to have my mama read the stories to me. I wish you came every week.

Beulah Lightner.

HANNIBAL, MO.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl 9 years old and I will be in the B IV. Grade next year. I read the stories and I like "The Little White Dog," and "How Jock Saved Betsey." I like you very much and I like to see you come every month. I have a great many dolls and I love to sew for them, and I always have them dressed in the latest style.

Helen Ruth Appler.

BROOKSVILLE, MISS.

Dear Little Folks:—I have been your subscriber almost a year and I like you better every month and wish I could get a book every week. I like everything in it; and our baby, who is three years old, always turns to the "Little White Dog" and asks mama to read that first. My other sister who is six years old, likes the "Roggie and Reggie" stories best. I will get a new goat this week and shall call him "Sam." I have two roosters, named Tom and Dick; also a pullet named Blue. I live in a small town in the "black belt" of Mississippi but I have lots of boys to play with, and we have fine times together.

Otis Johnson.

VANCEBORO, ME.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy ten years old. I am writing on papa's typewriter. I have a little sister six years old. I have one bird and mama has one. We have two cats, one is mine and one is my sister's. We have a dog; his name is Ben. I have not seen any letters from Vanceboro, so I am the only one that is writing. I can hardly wait for you to come. I like your stories ever so much. We are boarding now. When we go to housekeeping papa said I could have some hens. I like to read the letters that the boys and girls write.

Percy Edward Jackman.

LUMBERTON, N. C.

Dear Little Folks:—I have been taking you ten months, and think you are the nicest little book I most ever saw. I am a little girl nine

Mothers!

Don't lay the foundation for deformity and suffering by allowing your children's tender little feet to be improperly shod. Proper shoes cost no more than others of haphazard make.

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CHILD'S hand turned soles, wedge heels, $1.25, $1.50. Widths A to D.
CHILD'S welt soles. Button, Pat. Leather Tips; Lace, Kid Tips, $2.00. Sizes, 7 to 10½.
MISSES' Button, Pat. Leather Tips; Lace, Kid Tips, $2.50. Sizes, 11 to 2.
LARGE GIRLS' welt soles, spring heels, Button, Pat. Lea. Tips; Lace, Kid Tips, $3.00. Sizes 2½ to 5.
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years old. I have a little black kitten named "Nig." I have fine fun with him; when I speak to him he will lay down and roll over. I also have a maltese kitten named "Toddles." He can stand on his hind feet and bow. I like all the stories but I like "How Jock Saved Betsey," "Sea Captain's Children," "Roggie and Reggie" best.

Grace Redmond.

Dear Little Folks:—I like your book so very much. I am trying to get some subscribers to get a watch. I am eight years old. I like "Roggie and Reggie" so much, and "The Little White Dog."

Natalie Kellogg.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl nine years old, and own six canary birds, two gold fish and a lovely big dollie. I live right in front of one of the largest parks in Washington, and have elegant times in it with my little playmates. I take piano lessons and can play real nicely. I love *Little Folks* and can read the magazines myself. I like, "Where was the Little White Dog?" best.

Marguerite A. Wood.

JEFFERSON, N. H.

Dear Little Folks:—I want to thank you for all the pretty pictures and nice stories you send me every month. I live with my dear Papa and Mama, and O the best and lovingest Grandpa and Grandma (*I* call them *Baba* and *Nannie*), on a big farm called Hillside, right under Mt. Starr King. In summer I have visitors and cows and pigs and chickens and swallows in the barn, and flowers, wild and tame, to keep me busy all day long; and in winter I have lots of playthings indoors, and four dear people I love, and who love me, to read me the pretty stories you send. Mama says I must keep all the *Little Folks* clean and whole and some day she will have them all made into one big book to keep all my life.

Gratefully your little listener and looker (for I can't read myself yet, I am only four years old).

Hazel Davenport.

UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Dear Little Folks:—I want to tell you that I like you very much and can hardly wait till it is time for you to come each month. I am seven years old and can read and write a little. My mamma or auntie reads *Little Folks* to me and I won't let them stop till they have read every bit of it. I like the "Sea Captain's Children," 'The Voice in the Shell," and the stories about Betsey very much. My home is in Brooklyn but I am spending the summer in Upper Montclair, New Jersey. I had rather play with animals than dolls. I just *love* horses. I have an Irish setter dog named "Tam" that follows me all over and knows everything I tell him to do. I have a turtle for a pet when I'm home but I leave him in the yard when I go away and find him there all right when I get back. [We should like to hear a great deal about this turtle; his disposition and his ways. *Editors.*]

I am going to try to get some new subscribers for *Little Folks* while I am up here for I want my little friends to enjoy you as much as I do.

Estelle W. Merrill.

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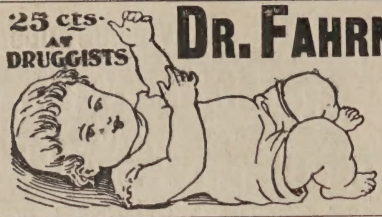

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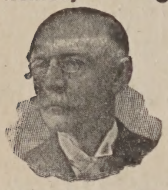

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A. W. MUMFORD, Publisher,

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CHINING-CHOW, CHINA.

My Dear Little Folks:—I am so glad that I have changed my paper "Our Little Ones." "Little Folks" is so much more interesting. I am nine years old and have taken "Our Little Ones" for a good many years. The Chinese are a very superstitious people. I remember one day a carpenter told me that some of the people of this city gave a banner to the idols of one of the big temples of this city because they prayed for rain and it rained.

There is a little Chinese girl here with whom I play very often. She is a very nice little girl and a Christian too. Her mother is one of the helpers of the Woman's Hospital here. We have an apricot tree in our yard and when the apricots were ripe this little girl and her little cousin and I knocked them off the tree and then I gave some to her and some to our cook and some to another woman here. There are a great many little girls that come to play with me. Papa and I take rides on our bicycles and all the people know me.

The Chinese around here are very nice. Some of them give me presents and some of the things that they give me are shoes, fans, hairstrings, bonnets and all sorts of things, and in return I give them little picture-cards and then they are so pleased. I don't go to the homes very much, in fact I haven't been to anybody's house this year.

Lina Bell Laughlin.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl eleven years old. I like you very much. I wish I got you every week. I read you in a day. The stories I like best are "The Sea Captain's Children," "Where was the Little White Dog?" and "Roggie and Reggie" stories.

Rebecca L. VanDeroot.

CHESTER, NEB.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl eight years old. I got you for my eighth birthday present from my papa. I like you very much. I like to read the letters. I have one sister. Her name is Minnie. We have no mother. We live with our grandma. Papa is in Denver. For pets we have three old cats and six kittens. We have fourteen dolls, a doll carriage and cradle for them. As I sit and write I can look across the road into Kansas.

Edna M. Howard.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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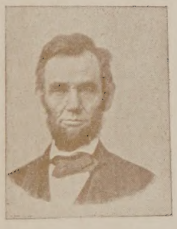

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